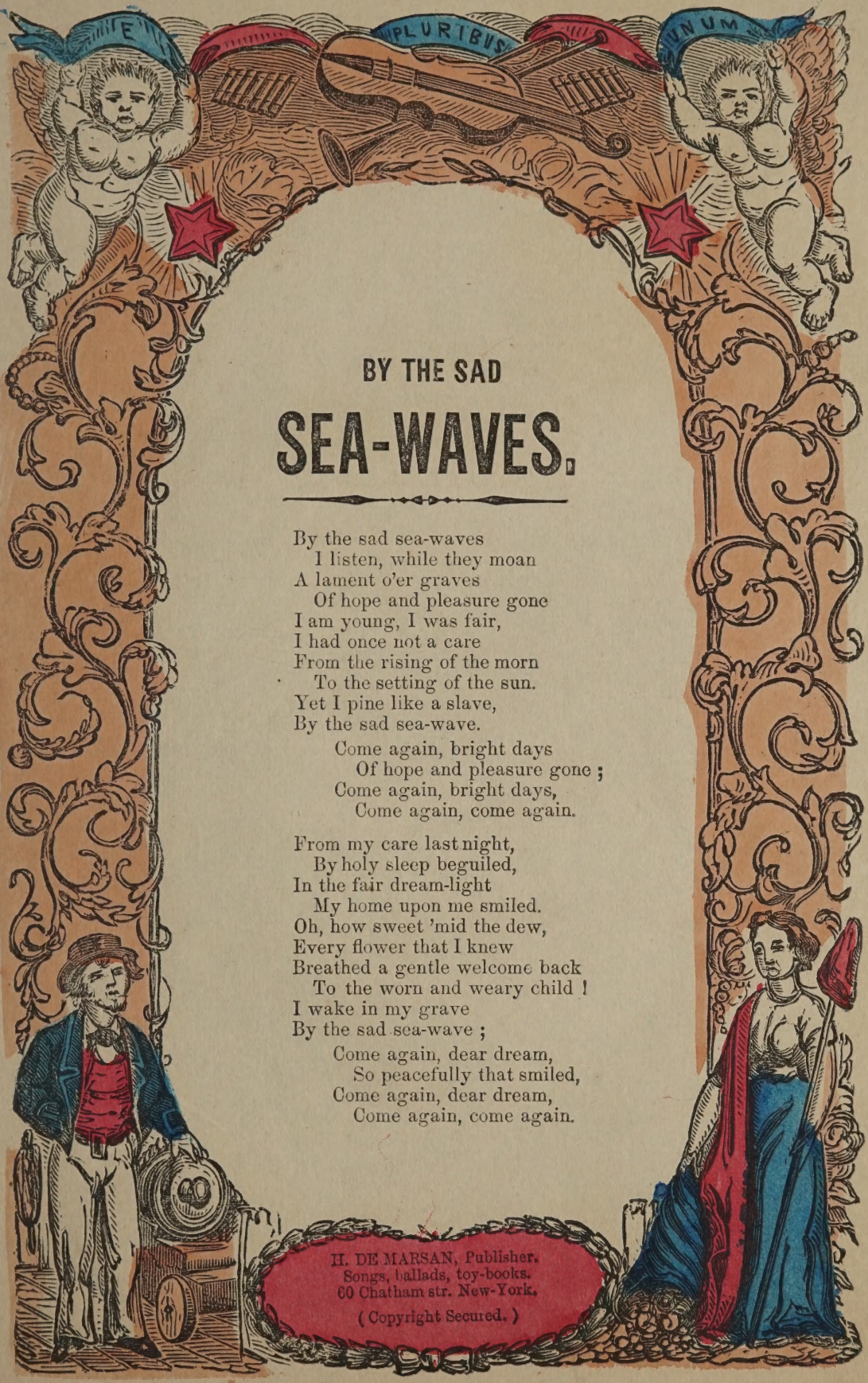

BY THE SAD

SEA-WAVES.

By the sad sea-waves
I listen, while they moan
A lament o'er graves
Of hope and pleasure gone
I am young, I was fair,
I had once not a care
From the rising of the morn
To the setting of the sun.
Yet I pine like a slave,
By the sad sea-wave.

Come again, bright days
Of hope and pleasure gone;
Come again, bright days,
Come again, come again.

From my care last night,
By holy sleep beguiled,
In the fair dream-light
My home upon me smiled.
Oh, how sweet 'mid the dew,
Every flower that I knew
Breathed a gentle welcome back
To the worn and weary child!
I wake in my grave
By the sad sea-wave;

Come again, dear dream,
So peacefully that smiled,
Come again, dear dream,
Come again, come again.

H. DE MARSAN, Publisher.
Songs, ballads, toy-books.
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SEA-WAVES.